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THE POWER OF SCIENTIFIC PRAYER

LEON GREENBAUM

THE power of scientific prayer is based upon an absolute conviction of the Omnipresence of God, and the supreme desire to conform one's thought, speech and action to the Divine Science of Being. The foundation of all mental work and demonstration in Divine Science is predicated upon this basic proposition—"I accept the Omnipresence without any reserve." To accept this principle requires the understanding that God is everywhere; that He is the One Presence, the Only Presence, and the All Presence. To accept this principle without reserve, requires the understanding that God is Spirit—that Spirit is all there is both invisible and visible, therefore the One and Only Substance; for "without him (Spirit) was not anything made that was made."

Once it is comprehended that God is omnipresent, it logically follows that all of the infinite attributes which are inherent in the Divine Nature are omnipresent; therefore it becomes scientific to affirm that Life is omnipresent, Love is omnipresent, Truth is omnipresent, Mind is omnipresent; and all of these qualities and powers that are inherent in God are inherent in us, for we are created in His image and likeness, and "of his fullness have all we received, and grace for grace."

Once the student grasps the all-inclusive nature of Divine Science, he realizes that the Omnipresence is a Universal Affirmation and that there is no place anywhere for negation, whether in the visible or invisible realm. The reason for this must be found in the fact that Divine Science is an exact science, from which basis it is impossible to conceive of negations, opposites or counterfeits. They are unthinkable because the Divine Nature knows nothing unlike itself. "I am God, and beside me there is none else." Therefore it follows that in the scale of the infinite harmonies and their demonstration in Life here and now, it is well to confine one's self to "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

It is not alone important to understand that God is everywhere, but also to remember that "the kingdom of God is within you"; it is not alone necessary to realize that God is omnipresent, no matter how we envision time, space or appearances, but ever to remember that "the kingdom of God is at hand"; and when to this is added the realization that "I and my Father are one," the mechanism of Unity, Identity and Continuity with Omnipresence has been erected on eternal foundations, and the transmis-

sion and demonstration of the power of scientific prayer is immediately manifested in "signs following."

When the student reaches this stage of unfoldment he finds himself in very good company. He feels the spirit of the great Master embracing him as he enters the tabernacle of a mental stillness and silently repeats, "All that the Father hath is mine. All power is given me (the Christ Nature which I am) in heaven and on earth." And as he companions in thought with St. Paul, his soul responds with a verse from the Epistle to the Corinthians—"I will pray with the Spirit; and I will pray with the understanding also."

The power of scientific prayer is realized in an increasing degree, and demonstrated in quicker results, by that student who learns how to "pray without ceasing." It is not alone sufficient to go into the Silence, "morning, noon and evening," but it is of the utmost importance to make the affirmations of Truth, the "habit of the soul"; this is unceasing prayer; this means "walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh"—flesh standing for ignorance and its consequences in belief. The degree in which we believe and have full faith in our affirmations will be shown to the extent that we live consistent with them. Divine Science lived is Life Eternal. This brings to remembrance the strain of a beautiful hymn:

"They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere."

The power of scientific prayer cannot be demonstrated to the glory of God, or to the complete satisfaction of the disciple, if he merely prays with the Spirit, but does not pray with the understanding also; or contrariwise, if he prays with the understanding, but does not pray with the Spirit also. How familiar we are with the facts that so many well-meaning Christians, with all of their faith and fervency, find themselves unable to heal the sick, for the very plain reason that they pray with the Spirit, but do not pray with the understanding. On the other hand, it is being realized in the metaphysical field that it is possible for workers to combine an understanding of Truth, with teachings and practices that are negations of its affirmative principles; and here we find an example wherein one prays with the understanding, but does not pray with the Spirit.

"The letter killeth (by itself is valueless) but the Spirit giveth life."

Our study of this subject would be incomplete without some consideration of the unity between scientific prayer and thanksgiving; for we are instructed that, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them"; and we are adjured, "In everything, by prayer with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." These are not mere stereotyped platitudes and sophistries, as so many people regard them, but they are principles that are pregnant with profound meaning and great power.

"To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." Those who receive him are such as comprehend that "In the beginning was the Word; all things were made by him; and his life was the light of men." Absolute faith in demonstration is not based upon our power to create, but our realization of that which was created "in the beginning"; that which is always "in the beginning"; including "yesterday, today and forever." Of the fullness of these powers and possibilities "have all we received." This word "receive" is the connecting link between scientific prayer and thanksgiving; for if we really believe that we have received (and all that the word implies) we shall be the most thankful people in the world; our hearts will beat with an ecstasy of joy; and it will be impossible to pray without a thrill of praise, and emotions of the deepest love and gratitude.

Absence of thanksgiving indicates that we do not have full faith that we have received, nor comprehend in its fullness, what we have received. So closely related was thanksgiving with scientific prayer in the heart of Jesus, that one of his mightiest demonstrations—the resurrection of Lazarus, was preceded with these words, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me."

FROM "DIVINE SCIENCE AND HEALING"

By M. E. CRAMER

Put away each day trifling things that would annoy. Begin your day's work with acknowledgment of Omnipresent Good; and if you meet with the usual cares and vexations of every day life, say to each one as it comes along: It is of no importance whether it is this way or otherwise. Then say to yourself—I will perform my daily work with love in my heart and without being annoyed or troubled.

Think of your children, friends and all persons, not as they seem to observation, but as they are in Being. Think of yourselves as the Truth of God; be where He is and what He is with a nature that is Eternal. Know that what is true of God is true of man. From this standpoint you can deny sickness intelligently and master all of the cares of life. From this standpoint it is right for you to deny from you all thoughts and feelings that are the opposite of Divine Love, Truth, Knowledge, Power, Strength, Health, Happiness, Success and Perfect Harmony. This is freely partaking of the free gift, Eternal Life. It is ceasing to forget God our Good. It heals by replacing health for disease; thinking and speaking Truth in place of error.

The Gifts of the Months September

RUTH DALZIEL ELDERKIN

THE rich harvests of grain and fruit that make the fields and orchards of September beautiful, reminds us that it is "God who gives the increase" and truly it is He who gives us power to get wealth.

More than that, it is His *good pleasure* that we should have an abundance of all blessings. The seeming limitation is because we have turned from the fountain-head and have been looking to our activities as the source of our supply.

The Israelites looking to the work of their hands became slaves, from this condition they were rescued to an in-between place, the wilderness, where they were not destitute, having clothes and food, but yet did not have the rich abundance of the promised land.

They put off the manifestations of their highest good because they *were afraid*. All the forty years they wandered the abundance of their inheritance waited for them, it was complete from the beginning. But not until they had the faith to go and possess it did they receive.

They listened to the spies who told of giants and fear held them in bondage—so we, listening to the tales of hard times and high prices instead of keeping before us ever the thought of God's power and love, are kept from expressing our highest and best.

The majority of people are in the wilderness today, just making ends meet, whereas it is the Father's will that we should show forth His glory through the abundance of all good things.

It was not God's will that the children of Israel should stay in the wilderness—rather He desired to bless them, but they would not listen, they would not look.

Now is our opportunity not to be like them, but to turn to the Source of All, whose abundance is without measure, and we shall learn to say with Habakkuk: "For though the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

For He who in Elijah caused the widow's oil and meal to fail not, who in Jesus increased the loaves and fishes, shall also quicken all our interests. He shall make glad the waste places, He shall make fat the barren land, our desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Let the harvests of September keep us reminded to look to Him, the Sustainer, beholding His Perfection, abundance shall be manifested for us.

Let us turn with eagerness to our promised land, for He is faithful that promised, and let September be for us the real Harvest Home—its gift the revelation of God's abundance to each one.

What is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve.
—Shakespeare.

Bands of Love. Amos and Hosea

AGNES M. LAWSON
(CONTINUED)

HOSEA lived a little later than Amos; possibly near the time of the fall of Israel under the Assyrians in 722 B. C. He is the second prophet to leave a written record of his teachings. He is a little difficult to follow as he makes reference to conditions with which we are not familiar; and he gives fragments of what we should judge were oral speeches. Israel could not reject Hosea on the ground that she rejected Amos; for Hosea is no "foreigner" but native and a living flame of patriotism, in its best and highest sense. Two political parties had sprung up in both Israel and Judah; divided and almost constantly at war with each other; both had become weakened. Weakness reaches for aid outside itself so one party advocated an Assyrian alliance, the other one with Egypt. Hosea, like our own George Washington, protested against entangling alliances. Jehovah was the strength of the nation, and to make an alliance with a foreign and heathen power was unfaithfulness to Him.

Hosea had learned the great truth "the state is the individual writ large," for he sees his own unhappy domestic affairs repeated in the state on a larger scale. He had learned to gauge Jehovah's love by the measure of his own heart throbs; he understood the love that is infinite by the unquenchable love in the depths of his own being, measureless, unfathomable, unfailing; a love that "alters not, when it alteration finds" but loves on in undiminished fervor; and must win in the end, because it can accept no end but unity.

Hosea's wife is unfaithful to him; she bears children, but leaves both her husband and her children for her lovers. Down, down she sinks in the social scale until she becomes public property; forsaken by her paramours she is sold as a slave. Hosea buys her and brings her home; she is not reinstated as his wife, but is given the opportunity to redeem herself; and during this time she shall be "no man's wife."

No one can look out upon life save through his own lenses; and Hosea sees Israel—his poetic name for her is Ephriam—as the beloved wife of Jehovah; whose love for her was the same as his love for Gomer. The word "husband" means "caretaker," and after Hosea many of the prophets use the word, as a synonym for Deity. What more could Jehovah do for his wife, Israel, than He had done for her? She is wealthy, and this wealth had come to her freely from her husband; she bears His name and is safe under His protection; she is beloved of Him and has borne children to Him, the nation; but faithless Israel runs out after strange lovers, Syria and Egypt; and the idols of these nations are in her groves and on her high places, badges of her shameless disgrace. Yet, Jehovah must do what he himself had been compelled to do: "Ephriam is joined to idols: leave him alone."

After all this is "hell" and the greatest punishment that can be meted to anyone; for the one thing that none of us can stand is to be "let alone" by

Love. When we stray do we not want Love to follow us with its gentle reminders, that it is still there? He whom Love lets alone has no destination, no incentive for work, no goal for attainment; he is without friends, without home, without country, without God, and he is *lost*. We may want to stray and make individual experiments, lose ourselves and find ourselves; but we never want to be "let alone" but to know that Love is still there, that it keeps the home fires burning, will welcome us on our return; and never can it leave us *alone*.

The hardest lesson any of us have to learn is the lesson taught by Hosea; to give freedom and yet not leave the sinner *alone*. This is Hosea's lowest note; Jehovah could not leave Israel alone. She was His wife, He loved her, and she had borne Him children, He was God, and could not do otherwise. Hosea knew he loved Gomer, because Jehovah loved Israel; that love had entered his heart and it was impossible for him to cease to love.

No, Jehovah could not let His erring wife go: "I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offense, and seek my face; in their affliction they will seek me earnestly." Love's opportunity is the need of him; it always comes, and Love, child of eternity can well afford to bide its time. One of the greatest impressions ever made upon me was from the stage in "Peer Gynt." In his youth, Peer Gynt had wooed and won a beautiful girl and taken her to his mountain home, then he deserted his young wife. Over the whole world he roams, seeking adventures and diversions everywhere; and when satiated, disillusioned, old, he returns. In the same mountain home where he had left her, he finds her and she comes to greet him with illumined face: "Thou hast made my life beautiful."

It is not the love that is returned to which we owe the most gratitude; it is the love that another can stimulate in us that holds us debtors, and places us in a position that we can never fully repay. If another has sent a shaft of the infinite Love into our hearts, we are born out of this world into the Real, where "a thousand years is as one day." "Whosoever loveth another is born of God," the infinite Love, and can ask no return, just the privilege of loving. Love is sublimely independent, and asks: "And if I love thee, what is that to thee?" Its satisfaction is in just being Love.

The yearning tenderness of God, Hosea had found: "I will heal their back-sliding, I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall blossom as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and blossom as the vine; the scent thereof shall be the wine of Lebanon."

And returned Israel shall say:
"Ephriam—What have I to do any more with
idols?"

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THE ROSARY OF TRUTH

SIGNE WICKSTROM

PART IV—THE DREAM

I HAD a great big telegram from my grandmother. This is the way it read: "Grandmother very ill, send Mary." I got ready as quick as I could. I was real glad to go away but so sorry grandmother was not well. In my dream I remembered my prayer and began to say to her, "God is your health, you can't be sick." I said it over and over with my eyes closed until I heard the conductor call the station, Bellmont, where grandmother lives.

I was so pleased to think, "now grandmother will be all well when I get there, and we shall have such a nice visit together." Sure enough when I got there she met me at the door. We hugged each other then we sat down and visited.

I told her I knew she would be well because I had been sending her prayers all the way over.

"You have?" she said, "no wonder I feel so fine. I can tell you I felt sick this morning. I just had to send for the doctor but he has not come yet. He said it would be near afternoon before he could get here. There goes the doorbell now. There he is. What shall I do? There isn't a thing the matter with me."

I told her she must go to the door and let him in, but she just would not do it so I went and the doctor said in a loud voice:

"Somebody sick here?"

"No," I said. He took a card from his pocket. "Isn't this 378 King's Lane?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then there is no mistake about it."

Grandma could not stand it any longer but came to the door.

"Yes," she said, "I really was sick when I sent for you but my little grandchild received the telegram I sent and came right on to take care of me. All the way over she has been sending me medicine and I got well before she arrived. She is quite a doctor, she sends the medicine ahead of her."

"I don't understand," said the doctor, "how she knew what kind to send."

"Oh," said grandma, "she can never make a mistake. She only has one kind and it fits every case."

The doctor was so surprised that he could not say one word, he just stood there in the middle of the floor, holding his case filled with medicine. I thought to myself, could he possibly carry anything in his case that would make me more kind and loving so that all my beads would become gold? I felt ashamed to show grandmother my chain of beads; but I should have to and she would see the cry-bead and all the other ugly ones.

At last I walked up near him and whispered so that grandmother would not hear, "Doctor, I want you to help me."

"What is the matter?" he said. "Are you sick?"

"No, it is worse than that. I am an awfully naughty girl, and if I keep it up I shall surely get sick. Have you any medicine that will keep people

from getting angry," I said, "and make them kind and loving?"

"I am afraid not," he said. "It generally works the other way." He grabbed hold of my hands and he begged me to tell him how I had made grandmother well so quickly. He also asked me to tell him what kind of medicine I used.

I said I would but that he must promise me one thing first.

"Yes," he answered, "anything so that I can make people well so quickly!"

"If you will take all the medicine and pour it out on the ground you will know it all," I said. He never said a word, but he looked as sad as though I had asked him to take his very life. However he took the case and walked to the door, then turned around to me with tears in his eyes: "I can't do it."

I grabbed the case from his hand, threw the bottles on the ground and poured everything out and gave him back the case.

"I feel so lonely now," he said. "I have nothing to do. You have taken away my fortune, everything."

He looked so sad that I felt sorry for him and promised I would go with him until he found his real medicine which would make people well and happy, kind and true. I only walked by his side, never saying a word, but this is what I saw and heard:

As he crossed the lawn to go to his car, his attention was called to the bottles which had been thrown out in the yard. They were standing up in rows on each side of the walk, and the queerest thing was that they all talked to him. The first one said: "Take me with you—you must. I have been with you many years and I am going with you. I can't live without you. I feel so empty. Fill me with something."

"No," he said, "I am never to take you with me again." The poor bottle began to cry and sob, until he felt so sorry for it that he picked it up.

"What do you want to be filled with?"

"Anything," said the bottle, "but that old stuff you used to put into me. The children hated it. It nearly killed them. I want to be filled with something that will make them live and be happy."

"Oh," he said, "you mean Life."

"Yes, yes," she answered. He took the bottle in his case and started on his journey.

But he was again stopped by another who cried very loud. "You are not going to let me stand here all emptied out. I must go with you! You must take me to every child that you used to take me to. I have something very important to tell them."

"You have?" said the doctor. "Well you must tell me first." And the poor little bottle went on:

"I want to tell the truth. I must tell them that I did not make them well as they thought I did. I did not do a thing to make them well. Oh, please

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NONA L. BROOKS, Editor

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IN GOD WE TRUST

Notice

Owing to the strike of printers, September 1st to September 15th, our magazine and many others in Denver was not published during this period which will account for issues of September 13th and September 20th being omitted.

I HAVE always wanted to write on Death, the natural passing-on instinct that is normally given to every one of us, when we understand what it is, and what it means in our own lives.

The philosophers, the scholars, above all the modern, efficient man is puzzled by the place of Death in experience. Somehow death is always mystery to such men, and the incongruity of dying after efficiency of living is a mystery.

John Carpenter, who is called a mystic because he makes spiritual meaning clear in every day matters, has written a wonderful book on "Death and Life." From the chapters on "Death" I take these paragraphs.

"Talk about starting on a journey; but what must the longest sea-voyage be, compared with this one, with its wonderful vista, and visions, and voices calling? And again, since it is an experience that all must go through, and that countless millions of our fellows have gone through and are still continually going through, for that very reason alone it has a fascination; and one feels that had one the opportunity to avoid it one would hardly wish to do so."

"As I have said, it is curious that there is next to no instruction or guidance commonly provided or accessible in this matter. I mean especially on the physical side. What are our medical folk doing? There are lots of books on childbirth and the science of parturition, and the best methods of making the transition easy; but when it comes to the end of life and the event corresponding and complementary to birth, there is little except silence and dismay."

"The usual course of preparation for this most important event seems to be (barring accidents) something as follows:—a physically unhealthy and morally stupid life, which inevitably leads to degenerative tendencies and ultimately to distinct disease; then one or two breakdowns, which lead to panic and the summoning of doctors; then partial recovery, and a repetition *da capo* of the whole series, without any of the least improvement in the general style of life; then of course worse breakdown and panic, leading at last to violent drugs, injections,

operations, and so forth, in the hope of prolonging existence a few hours; and finally death arriving, not graciously, but in the sense of a dismal defeat and rout to everybody concerned; and to the patient a hurried, confused and embittered end, robbed of all decency and dignity."

"Now this won't do! When one thinks of the deaths of animals—so composed on the whole—the calm, the quietude, the dignity even, and the absence as a rule of very acute or obvious suffering; or when one thinks of the very similar conditions of death among many savage peoples; one cannot but ask, "Why this difference?" One cannot but say, "It really will not do for us 'the heirs of all ages' to go on behaving in this feeble and foolish way—leading lives which utterly unfit us for the inevitable end of life, and stricken with most incompetent panic and dismay when the very thing arrives which we have foreseen and which we have had such ample time to prepare for."

"Death—from whatever point of view we look at it—seems to be a break-up of the unity of the creature. It is a dislocation and to some degree break-up maybe of a healthy and normal type, or it may be unhealthy and of the nature of disease. In the first case it may chiefly consist in getting rid or shedding off of an out-worn husk, which is simply left behind—much in the same manner as the chrysalis sheath of a moth or other insect is left behind, or as the husks of a growing bud or bulb are peeled off. Many an old person seems to die in this way—the body being the scene of little or no disturbance or conflict, but simply withering up, while often at the same time the spiritual nature of the man becomes strangely luminous and penetrating. Here there is a certain dislocation, but no painful rending asunder. The center of life seems merely to retire to a more inward and subtle region, where it perchance nourishes an even brighter flame than before; and the outer body is peeled off as a sort of outworn shell. But in other cases death is undoubtedly very different. Instead of the one center simply withdrawing inward in the way indicated, while at the same time preserving almost to the last a general unity of the creature, rebellious and insubordinate centers spring up and introduce serious conflict into the organism. These are of course diseases, or centers of disease—either in the body, like tumors, alien growths, nests of microbes, and so forth; or in the mind, like violent passions,贪欲, anxieties, fears, rigid habits. And forming thus independent centers they tear and rend the body and mind between them till at last death supervenes—not at all on account of the voluntary withdrawal of the inner person to more ethereal regions, but simply through the destruction of the organism in which that person functions."

"To avoid these opposite pitfalls, and to live sanely and sensibly, in a certain close touch with Nature and with the roots of human life, is no doubt difficult, especially under the ordinary conditions of civilization; yet it is surely well worth while—both for the sake of life itself and for the termination of it. And to keep a certain command of the situation during the mid-period of one's day is probably the best way toward commanding the situation at the end."

The Rosary of Truth

(Continued from Page 4)

let me go. I am not very big, you can take me in your pocket."

"Yes," he said, "but you are emptied." "I know it. I am not very heavy. Let me tell the truth first."

"Very well, I'll fill you with Truth."

He heard all the other bottles cry one above another, a whole long row of them. "The only way I can escape is to run," he thought, and began running when lo, and behold, every one of the bottles began to run after him, each crying out:

"You needn't think you can run away from us."

The doctor learned that he must take every one back with him. One of the small bottles almost climbed into his pocket. "Take me," she said. "I am so small that I might get lost if you do not take me along."

"Oh, you poor thing," he said. "I shall have to take you with me."

"It feels good to have you talk to me in that tone of voice, because the children used to hate me dreadfully."

"Hate you," he said. "I'll see that they don't do it any longer. How would you like to be filled with Love?"

"Oh, I only wish I was bigger." He picked it up and put it into his overcoat pocket. The little bottle sank deep into it and rested next to his heart.

"And you," he said to another great big one. "What do you want?"

"I want you to take me. You can't run away from me. I must tell the people that I am never coming back to them again or they will always be looking for me. I am the liniment that they used to put on their backs when they got hurt or had rheumatism. They used to rub me in until I got lost and there was nothing left of me. I must tell them about myself and how they will find me."

"Yes, but you are empty," said the doctor.

"You think I am empty because you do not see me, but you can feel me if you use me. I make you feel happy and joyous, and if you rub a little of me in every day, you can't fall or get hurt."

"Ha!" said the doctor, "then I want you myself if you are the oil of Joy."

A NATURE CREED

I believe in the brook as it wanders
From hillside into glade;
I believe in the breeze as it whispers
When evening's shadows fade.
I believe in the roar of the river
As it dashes from high cascade;
I believe in the cry of the tempest
'Mid the thunder's cannonade.
I believe in the light of shining stars,
I believe in the sun and the moon;
I believe in the flash of lightning,
I believe in the night-bird's croon.
I believe in the faith of the flowers,
I believe in the rock and sod,
For in all of these appeareth clear
The handiwork of God.

—*Ladies Home Journal.*

THE PRESENCE

What does the Presence mean to you? Many centuries ago a Hebrew poet wrote: "In Thy Presence is fullness of joy." He knew it must be true, yet in his own experience his joy was postponed to a great extent, because he thought the Presence and the joy were far remote and for a life beyond the present.

The thought that somewhere, sometime, God is to be known and joy realized is inherent in the race. All have an inner longing for complete satisfaction but the time of fulfillment is usually very remote and the method of attainment vague.

Where is the Presence that has for us fullness of joy? Where is the Love? Where is Truth? Here, everywhere, about us, within us, ever present, Omnipresent. Our very first training must be to recognize the Presence in its fullness, here and now. To become aware of the Presence within, and everywhere to know that we are in and of the Presence is to experience real joy. Joy is inherent in the Presence. When we know the Presence we have the joy. Real joy, soul satisfaction, is to be realized only in the Presence. One may have passing pleasure, but joy comes when we know ourselves to be sharers of the God-Nature.

But joy is just one of the satisfactions of knowing ourselves in the Presence. Not only fullness of joy but fullness of Life is in it. Think what fullness of Life would mean to you. It means growth, progress, activity, completeness, perfect health and beauty, the unfolding into the Christ likeness and the fulfillment of the Divine Idea. Where the Presence is known, there is Peace—a deep inner quiet that is not disturbed by outer conditions. Changeless Love is our sufficiency within and without. Our good is sure. In Thy Presence is fullness of Good for the individual, for all humanity. We may defer the realization of it for ourselves and for the race or we may know that it is here, at hand, within, everywhere, awaiting our recognition and our co-operation and this recognition and co-operation is the highest service we can render to the world.

"There is but one Source to give attention to, the All-Presence of God, the Eternal, Substantial, Universal Mind. In thinking with God-Mind every question is answered, every longing satisfied. Its nature is Love, enfolding all. Its consciousness is Wholeness including all and understanding all."—*Maude Lorimer.*

GIVING IS THE NEED

BY LUCY LARCOM

"Take the fruit I give you," says the bending tree;
"Nothing but a burden is it all to me.
Lighten ye my branches; let them toss in air!
Only leave me freedom next year's load to bear."
"Do my waters cheer thee," says the gurgling spring,
"With the crystal coolness 'tis their life to bring!
Leave me not to stagnate, creeping o'er the plain;
Drink for thy refreshment, drink and come again!"
"Can I yield you blessings?" says the friendly heart.
"Fear not I am poorer though I much impart.
Wherefore should you thank me? Giving is my
need;

Love that wrought none comfort, sorrow were indeed!"

THESE SIGNS SHALL FOLLOW

Dear Miss Brooks: I do not believe you will care to publish this for I do not think I am very "scientific" about treating myself. I am not placid enough to be classed as scientific. I always go at myself vigorously, but I always get results. I am bound not to give place to the devil, no matter what I have to do to keep him out.

One day when I had a blanket to wash, I filled a large aluminum bucket and the tea-kettle with water and placed them on the gas range to heat. When they were hot I first emptied the bucket and then grasped the kettle handle, not having noticed that it had been directly over the edge of the burner that was under the bucket. The handle was "red hot." The palm of my hand and all of my fingers were terribly burned, the weight of the kettle making the burn deeper. The most forceful statement I could think of was, "Rejoice and be glad," and I tried to look the part as I repeated it several times. The pain seemed almost unbearable, then came the determination that I would not give place in my thoughts to the pain. I walked the floor vigorously, repeating in a loud voice Bible verses, poetry—everything I could think of. Presently I noticed that there were brief moments when I forgot my suffering. These intervals grew longer and I lay down on the bed (you see I had been doing some strenuous work). I stretched my arm up to full length and said something like this, "Dear Father, you know that my hand is all right and I know that nothing can hurt me, for Love thinks no evil and it can do no evil."

I fell asleep for a few moments and when I awoke my hand was well. I got up and *washed the blanket.*

From the time I was burned to the time I was healed was less than a half an hour. Fortunately I was alone in the house—there was no one near to sympathize or to suggest remedies. I had to go straight to God and there I found immediate help.

—A Student.

GROWTH

Each dream that fires a mortal brain
Some day can be made true:
Whatever man can faintly hope
That can he strongly do.

Once, terrified, he scanned the skies,
And feared each stone, each tree;
But something in him watched and strove,
And led his spirit free.

Propitiate, but not with gifts,
The Powers of heaven and earth:
They and their friendly use are yours
By right of soul, of birth.

Dream, then, nor fear to dream too fair.
(Each seed is made to swell.)
If hand and brain are linked by faith,
God's realm is yours as well!

—Mary L. Eglington.

A WORKMAN TO THE GODS

Once Phidias stood with hammer in his hand,
Carving Athene from the breathing stone,
Tracing with love the winding of a hair,
A single hair upon her head, whereon
A youth of Athens cried, "O Phidias,
Why do you dally on a hidden hair?
When she is lifted to the lofty front
Of the Parthenon, no human eye will see."
And Phidias thundered on him: "Silence, fool
Men will not see, but the Immortals will!"

—Edwin Markham.

Bands of Love

(Continued from Page 3)

The Lord—I have answered, and will regard him.
Ephraim—I am like a green fir tree—

The Lord—From me is thy fruit."—Modern
Reader's Bible.

Israel fell, she was destroyed, "for lack of knowledge; because thou hast rejected knowledge"; but her soul is saved in her four prophets. No nation who has given these treasures to the world can be anathema. If she herself could not love at least she could inspire love; and because she could do this we are her debtors. The essence of the "lost ten tribes" are in Elijah, Elisha, Amos and Hosea. Mortal Israel goes the way of all mortality; but the soul that the great Jehovah loved returned to Him. "After two days will he revive us; and on the third day will He raise us up, and we shall live before Him."

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